



JACK LEAMY

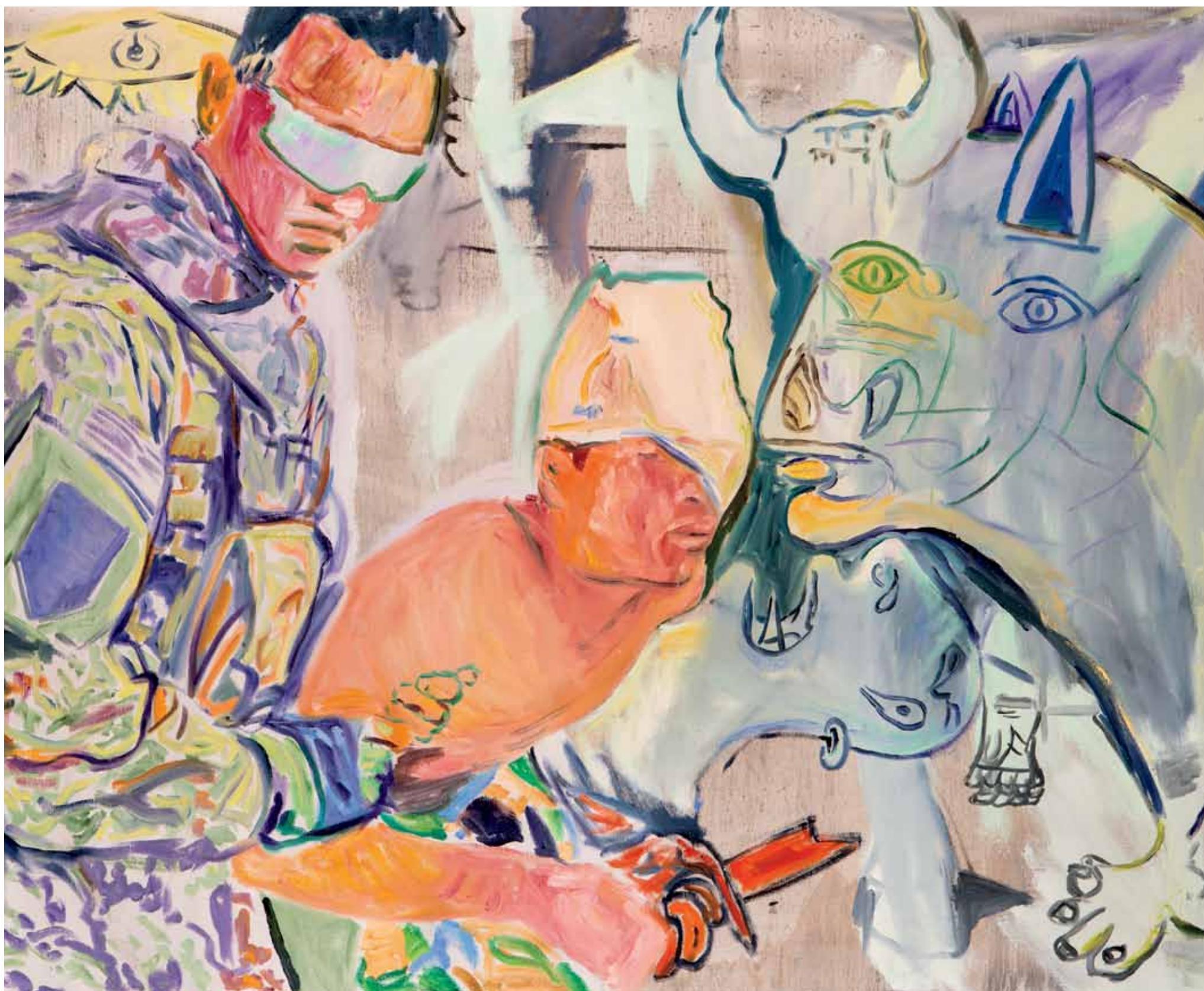
JACK LEAMY

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED

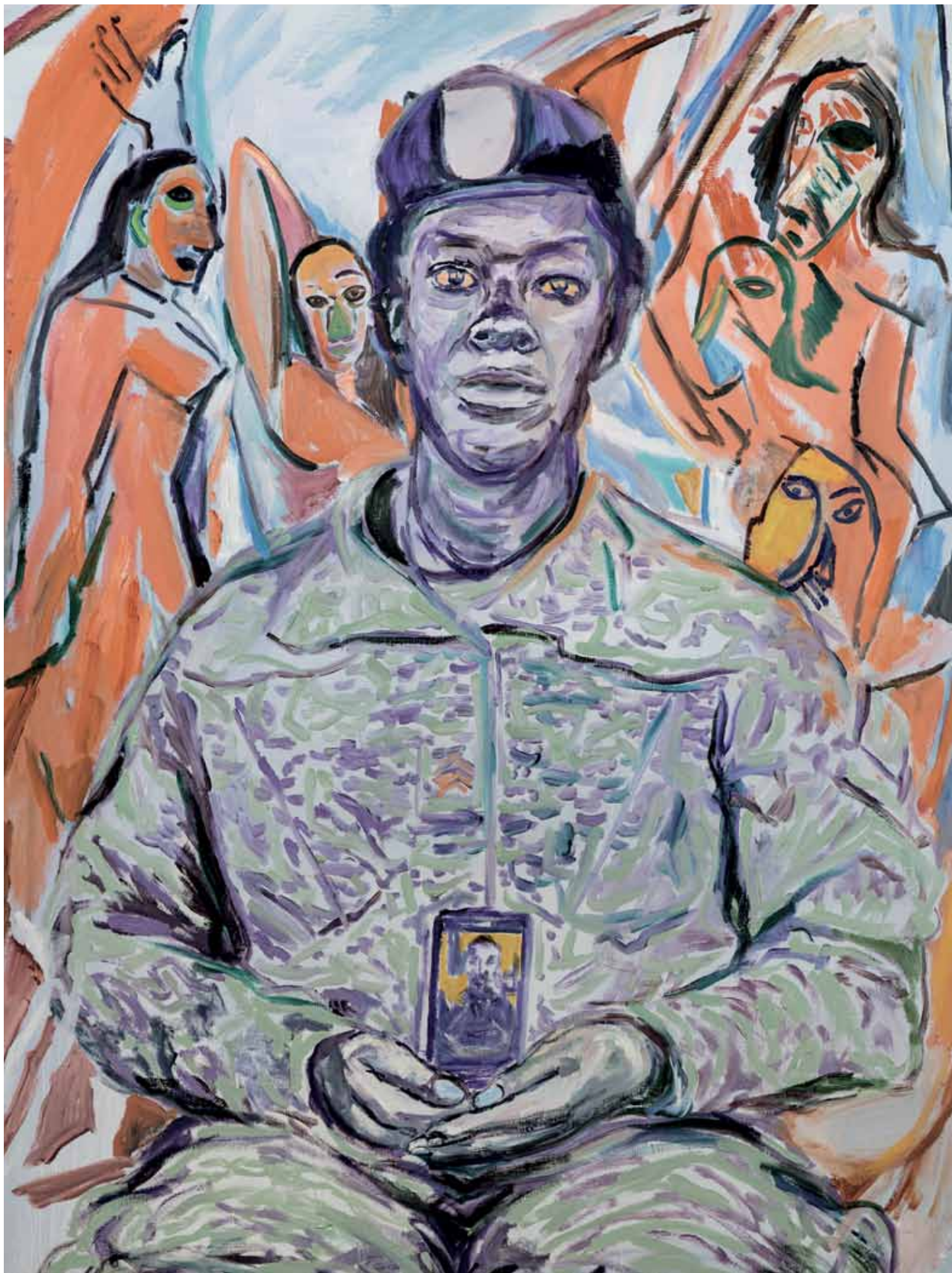
www.jackleamy.com



THE DANCE, 65x48in, oil on canvas, 2015



GUERNICA REVISED, 51x61in, oil pon canvas, 2015



DAUGHTER, 65x48in, oil on canvas, 2015



PIETÀ, 62x45in, oil on canvas, 2015



THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED, 62x45in, oil, enamel, polyurethane, asphalt, bird wings on canvas, 2015



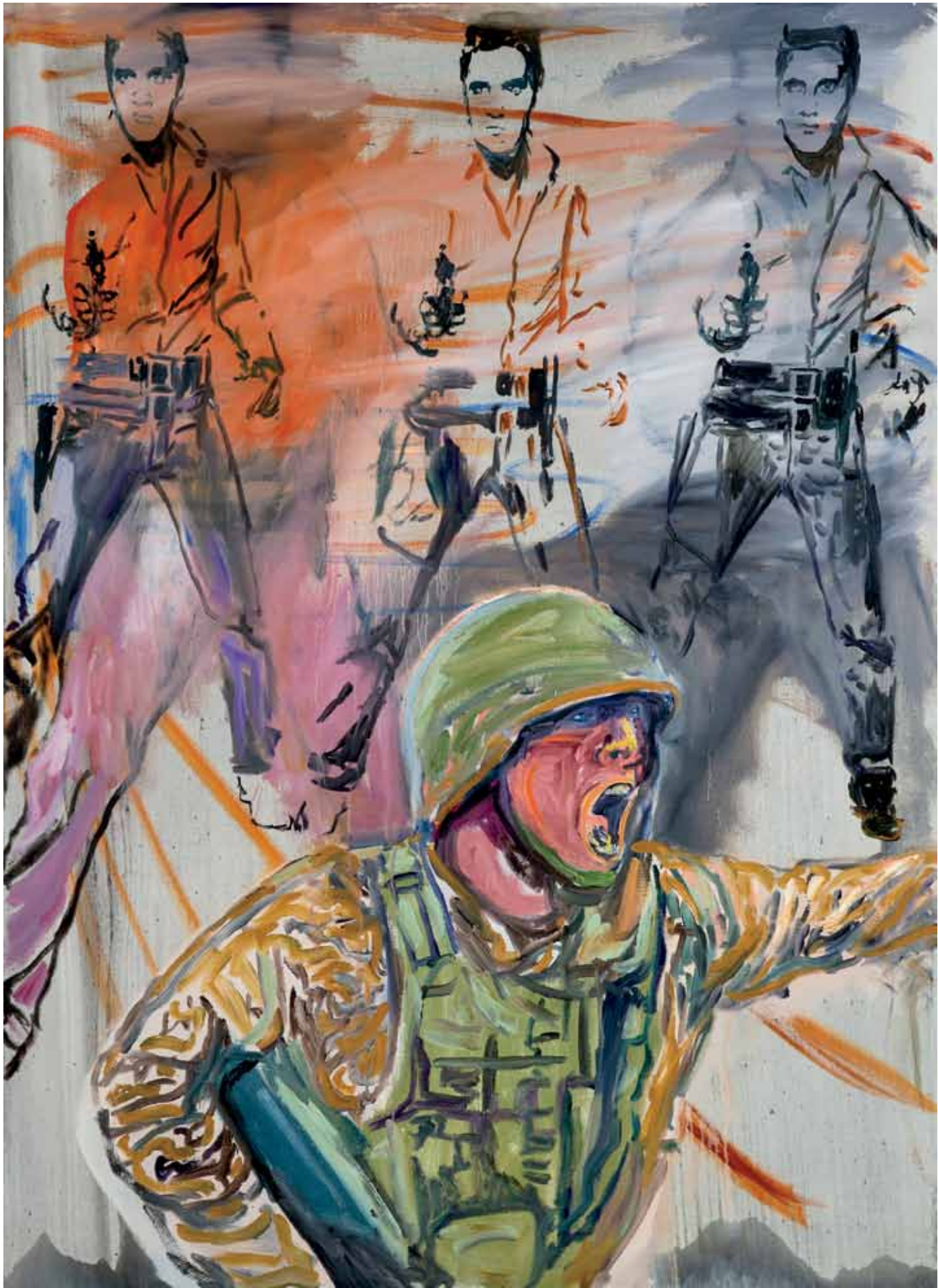
SHAMAN, oil, enamel, asphalt, bird wings on canvas, 36x36 inches, 2015



THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED 3, oil, enamel, asphalt, bird wings on canvas, 50x50 inches, 2015



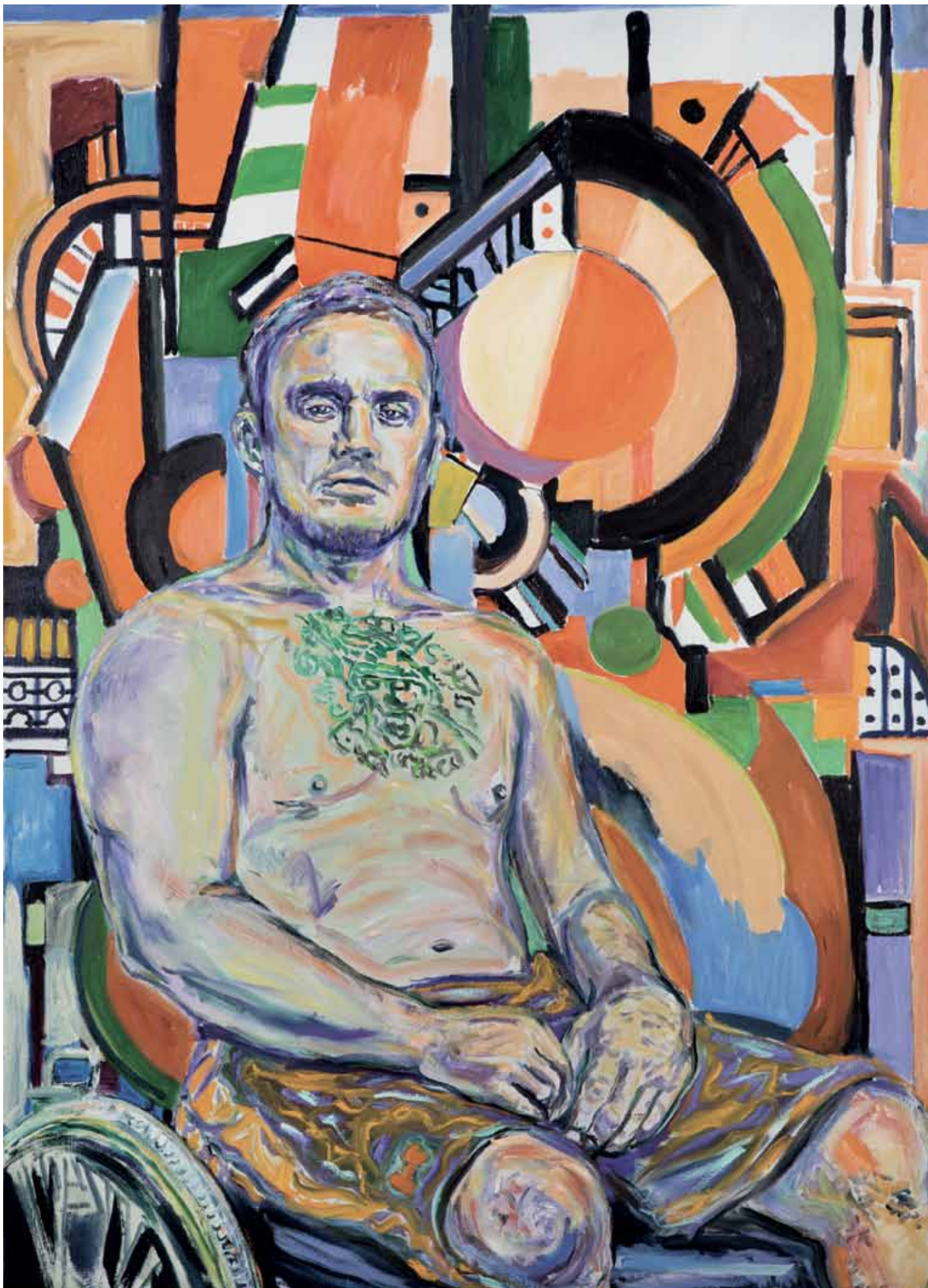
WARRIOR-SEER, 62x45in, oil, enamel, polyurethane, asphalt, bird wings on canvas, 2015



WAR HALL, 62x45in, oil on canvas, 2015



WAR CRY, 58x58in, oil opn canvas, 2015



IED CHAIR, 62x45in, oil on canvas, 2015



DON'T GO!, 65x48in, oil on canvas, 2015



MOTHER AND CHILD, 58x58 in, oil on canvas, 2015



BOY UNDER THE MOON, 48X54 inches, oil on canvas, 2016



CAPTION PLACE HOLDER, 00x00in, oil on canvas, 2016



CAPTION PLACE HOLDER, 00x00in, oil on canvas, 2016



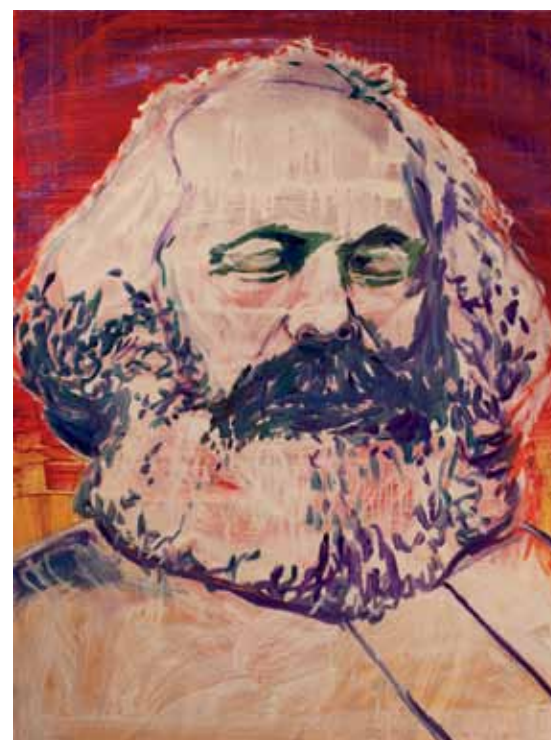
CAPTION PLACE HOLDER, 00x00in, oil on canvas, 2016



CAPTION PLACE HOLDER, 00x00in, oil on canvas, 2016



CAPTION PLACE HOLDER, 00x00in, oil on canvas, 2016



ICON EVOLUTION, acrylic, oil on canvas, 48x36 inches each, 2015



THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED 5-8, oil, ink, gesso, acrylic finish on wood panel, 12x10, 12x16 inches, 2015

The following pages:

Close up: THE HOUSE OF THE BLIND MAN, oil on canvas, 74x72 inches, 2009-15

Close up: SHOVEL DANCERS, oil on canvas, 72x68 inches, 2010-15







AnonOMus AUDIE, oil on canvas, 70x50 inches, 2014



THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED 9, oil, ink, gesso, acrylic finish on wood panel, 12x16 inches, 2015

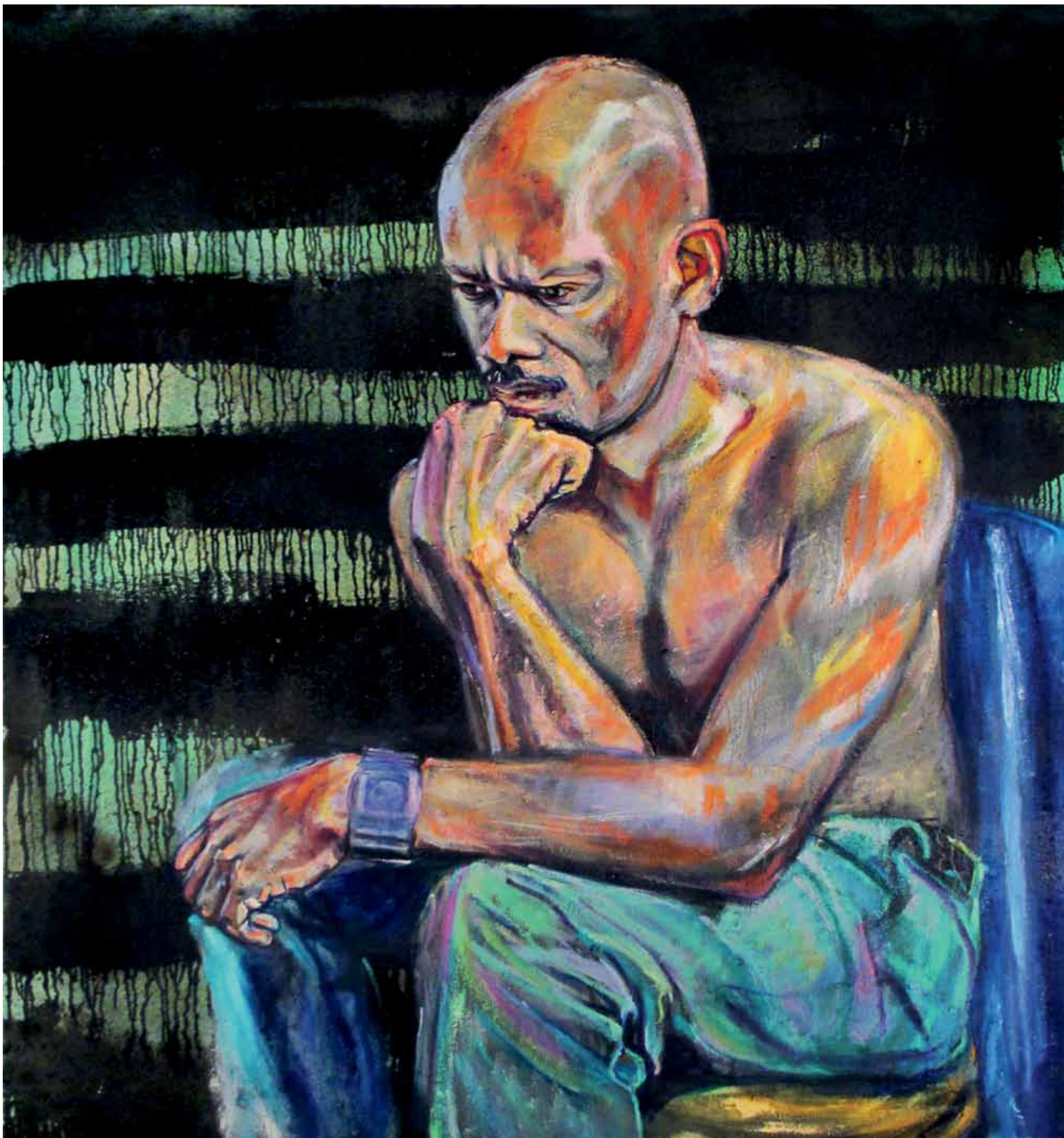


PUBLIC AND COLLECTIVE MEMORY PROJECT,
Georgia College, Milledgeville, GA

SOLDIERS IN MEDITATION BEFORE AND AFTER,
Oscar Davis, Neal Pickett Jr., Jordan Wilcher, Joe Turell
All Works-Shoe Polish on Arche Watercolor paper, approx. 30x50 inches

Opposite Page:
TRANSCENDENTAL IMMIGRANT MADONNA 1,
TRANSCENDENTAL IMMIGRANT MADONNA 2
All Works-Shoe Polish on Arche Watercolor paper, approx. 58x48 inches





A THINKER, 74x72 inches, oil, enamel, polyurethane, asphalt on canvas, 2012



LEAF BLOWERS, 74x72 inches, oil, sand on canvas, 2012



MALCOLM MEDITATES, 48x36 inches acrylic on canvas, 2015

Opposite page ABRAHAM MEDITATES, 18.5x12.5 feet, acrylic on sail, 2013
with Ronan Leamy





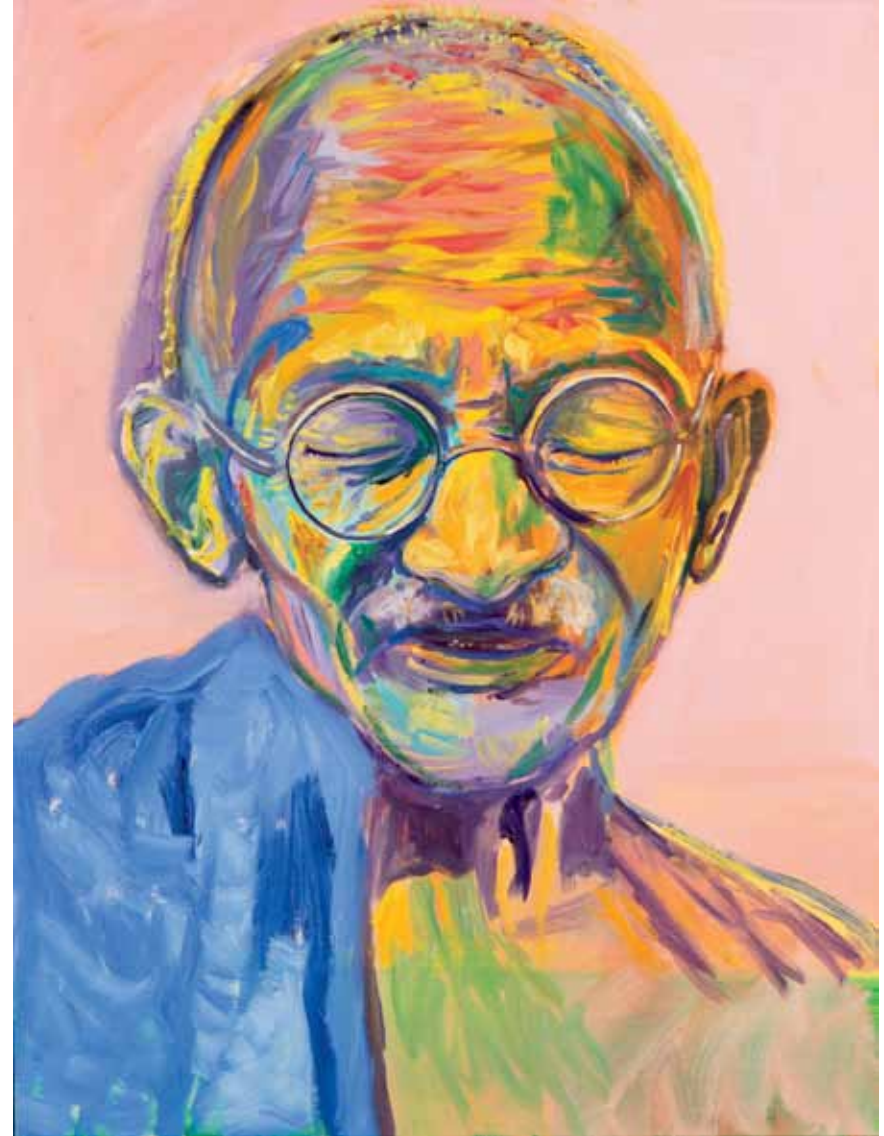
SHOE SHINE FOR THE OBLITERATED, 96x79 inches, oil, sand on wood panel, 2012



ONE, 61x50 inches, oil on canvas 2014



DON DRAPER TRANSCENDING, 48X36IN, ACRYLIC, OIL ON CANVAS, 2015



GHANDIJI TRANSCENDING, 48X36IN, ACRYLIC, OIL ON CANVAS, 2015

Expanding the Composition

Jack Leamy’s latest body of work proposes a transhistorical shift in the mind of the viewer. Disembodied from traditional Western portraiture are transcendent beings that you thought you knew. Frames of historical reference are challenged as the artist pulls his figures out of the doctrines of codified historical narrative.

“I’m not thinking of the Western canon of art. There is no history, just a composition of beliefs. And there’s no evolution to the self-will. It’s done unto you as you believe.”

There are some who maintain skepticism- that painting cannot be without an historical context or logic, but as with transcendent meditation, all correlations are drawn and then transformed in the mind. If a closed mind were like a closed fist, then to empty the mind of all thought and sensory input is to see the spaces between each finger; pulling each digit back, one at a time, and allowing more emptiness, bearing witness to the space that is always among us. As much as we hold this space in our hand and inhabit this space with our bodies, we are at once connected with all the material and energy of the universe.

Moreover, in this space comes a spiritual consciousness—a spiritual light, or illumination of that which inspires. As Joseph Beuys insisted, we are “fundamentally spiritual beings” and with that understanding comes the beginning of not only freedom, but also wisdom. This is a power that is sourced from nature and inherent energies, not from staking our claims into canons of history.

History, in terms of the narratives we have been fed in schools and media, can be pulled away from the painting tradition as well. Leamy would assert that pulling apart from a monolithic history is necessary for the survival of the human race. His portrait series “Transcending A New World Order” and “AnonOMus” includes a vast array of figures including Marx, Gandhi, Castro, Mao, and several US presidents including Lincoln, JFK and G. W. Bush with eyes closed meditating:

“These people have become materialist icons. They are on billboards and Internet Gif’s promoting all kinds of consumer brands. But in this moment, they are closing their eyes to the history and belief systems for which they are known.”

Considering the dialectic of object and subject in art, we can further grasp another realm of contemplation in Leamy’s paintings: profound empathy.

Empathy, of course, is nothing new to painting. A western painter will typically relate with the figure in terms of an agenda du jour: the Enlightenment painters depicted the Fall of Man, traditional portrait artists captured the stoic fervor of the New World’s leaders, Romantics portrayed the unrest between classes, and the Realists made tangible the calloused routines of laborers and immigrants. In any case, the persistent misogyny of such an exclusive history (and its authorship) is clear in our textbooks: men are omnipresent. Men control the singular voice of history. This imperialist’s version of history is a narrow arc, shred to futility by wars and nation building. It is a sampling of “civilization” that is bizarre and intensely surreal. What else could possibly remain to be known about the men who defined the only cultural trajectory . . . as we have been taught to know it?

Leamy reflects, “Power, as exemplified in the brutal realities of Western civilization, is both an obstacle and a delusion.” This could be no truer than by examining one’s own relation to any of the figures in the “Transcending A New World Order” series. In relating to people we never met—allegedly great leaders and organizers, great writers and orators—our political tensions can be set aside. Here, among the most reviled and beloved of characters, our understanding can be broken down into moments of self-reflection. We are simultaneously in their mind-space, and in ours. In cohabiting this psychological landscape, we can imagine a quiet space. Perhaps their motivating factors become clearer. One can even hope that alternate realities become plausible. In all cases, this profound empathy is an experience to behold; a mutual exchange that is as unique as our thumbprint.

“Painting unites contradictions. Painting resolves the pair of opposites: a tactile and material surface, yet, not real in the flesh; it can be still, but moving; it can be the object of a myth, and an experience of the One.”

The miracle of releasing our bonds and mortal coils is the first step to behold a new vision—one that has previously only existed in elusive truths—even when captivated by the spoils of Western land grabbing. At the invitation of Leamy’s paintings, the viewer can simultaneously stand in a historical context without sacrificing a liberated imagination.

This is a liberated reality brought into full-focus as we grapple with an impaired and tragic history.

Leamy returns, unexpectedly, to quote an artist of Revolutionary aims, Jose Clemente Orozco:

“Art is not an imitation nor an ethnological curiosity staged for tourists. Only when an artist realizes perfectly that which is their right and proper function in the social body, and sees with their own eyes, feels with their own heart and thinks with their own mind, will appear a new art on the American continent, the creation of a new race.”

Standing in two places at once—again, the union of opposites—seems to be another bridge we encounter in Leamy’s paintings. It is a metaphysical reality that anyone may reach when contemplating the literal and material weight of his chosen media.

Many of Jack’s paintings are built upon a substrate of “cold” asphalt mixed with black enamels and polyurethane; a slurried mix upon canvas. The granules are large and pitch black, yet they pick up flecks of light and their own evanescence; it’s an atmosphere that relays a sense of cosmic consciousness. Still, the sheer mass of this compound has a density and rich surface quality that recalls Anselm Keifer’s leaden artworks, an artist renowned for coming to terms with his own cultural history and a “scorched earth” approach to painting. “Start with dynamite, finish with napalm,” Leamy reflects, “is an old but familiar way that I employ painting’s war on ideas; turning this method on totalitarian regimes and what has become a singular history.”

Leamy’s artistic trajectory is a broader survey of Western and Eastern thought that is distilled through a more common, sometimes personal, lens. Leamy, has been a shoe shiner for four years and his service to others, particularly his service to the business class, is not in vain. He sees the humanity in all walks of life by examining a common, cultural ground.

In yet another series, “Citizen/Soldier: Public and Collective Memory”, the working class ethos is expanded upon by rendering these portraits of soldiers entirely with shoe polish. However, the series is not autobiographical. In spite of the singular voice—the “official” and authoritative voice—that regimes seem to carry as they churn and rotate from one war-bred society to the next, Leamy literally takes the time to bear witness to the many voices of soldiers through direct communications and interviews with today’s veterans and active duty personnel.

Portraits from the “Citizen/Soldier” series speak of conviction and despair; they speak of the abstract—but very real and confounding—dilemmas of searching for love, purpose, and willpower, trench after trench. It is important to consider how Leamy’s use of shoe polish is an overlapping experience of class warfare. In discovering this task as common ground with the soldiers, Leamy also uncovered his ability to relate his daily labor with the disciplined toil and shining of their own boots. He and the soldiers share the common bond of institutional conformity under the pressures of survival.

In other instances, materials are selected from a more universal symbolism. In some of the most unsettling portraits, bird wings stretch out below the soldier’s facade. The wings are aimless in their gesture but resting fully on delicate points against the cold, dark surface. What was once an act of flight appears now to be an act of descent.

“Painting is a form of enlightenment, the process requires rigorous honesty and a letting go of old ideas with the aim towards higher purpose.”

As would any artist acting within responsible and conscientious means, Leamy’s personal narratives find a place in these storied compositions—his trade-by-day, his life as a painter, his children, his follies and his grief—they are all manifest, but always in keeping with his devotion to awakened consciousness in the service of others. Leamy’s own stories provide a background for the viewer without expectation that he be known to them.

In maneuvering this split from history, Leamy pulls the viewer through a transcendent space and into personal reflection. He begs an awareness of our own limitations and personal trials, as evidence of the need for gathering hope in a world in need of renewal:

“There is no moral power in reproducing forms that reflect the misery in our world except when beauty explodes, from the inside, the death grip on us all”

M Ryan Noble

January 2015



KIRK TRANSCENDS, acrylic, oil on canvas, 48x36 inches, 2015

SPECIAL THANKS TO

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